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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.
EMMA STUART.
BY COATES-KINNEY.

Oh! the voices of the crickets,
Chirping all along the line,
Are the tears of music
Unto melancholy tones;
And the katydid's responses
Up among the leafy leaves
Make my spirit very lonely
On these pensive autumn eves.

For they mind me, Emma Stuart,
Of the bygone, blessed times
When our hearts were paired together
Like sweet syllables in rhymes;
The faith of love was broken,
And our loved hands fell apart,
And the voices of promise
Left a void in either heart.

Let us be happy, Emma Stuart,
I again may happy be
Nevermore the autumn insects
In the grass, and on the tree,
Crying as for very sorrow
At the coming of the frost,
Are to me love's fallen angels,
Waiting for their heaven lost.

Often, often, Emma Stuart,
On such solemn nights as these,
Have we sat and mused together
Of the perfection of bliss—
Of the hope that lit the darkness
Of the future with its ray,
Which was like a star in heaven,
Beautiful, but far away!

By the gateway, where the locust
Of the moonlight made eclipse,
And the river-ripple sounded
Like the murmur of sweet lips,
There a little maiden waited,
Telling all the moments of her
Life to Emma Stuart!
Waiting the maiden here no more?

No! no! no! Along the pathway
Grows the high, untrampeled grass,
Where the cricket starts to listen
For the wanted foot to pass;
But thy footsteps, Emma Stuart,
Press no more the dewy track—
Trip no more along the pathway—
And the cricket sings alone.

It is very mournful musing,
On such solemn nights as these,
How evanished all the promise
Of the perfection of bliss:
Love's green grass between us, Emma,
Grows as parted eyes and aye—
Even not to know each other
In the Loveland far away!

Princeton, Illinois.

For the National Era.
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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.
No. 15.

BELFAST, September 18, 1852.

MY DEAR E. — On the 27th of August, I
left Dublin, with my kind English friends, for
a short tour in the beautiful county of Wick,
and returned to the city of Dublin, after a
luxurious stay in an easy carriage, open, but shut-
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driver of staid and respectable demeanor, and
personal appearance slightly suggestive of the
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We set forth on a lovely morning, and soon
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The desire to send his name down to posterity
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poet's Avon, is a more silvery flowing than
these waters, and this vale's "brightest
green" is surpassed by the verdancy of the ro-
mantic tourist who comes hither hoping to be-
hold a picture of entrancing loveliness, which
was "all in the eye" of the melodist. The
copper mines, worked on its banks, must be
unpoetic and unpoetical, and it is a pity that
"scene of enchantment" is not a more
"scene of enchantment." You believe me, I
felt a deeper pleasure in seeing the poor coun-
trymen of the poet earning an honest livelihood
by mining in those beautiful hills—rude avo-
cates of the "Sweet Vale of Avon"—than I
could have known in the perfect realization of
his most exquisite dream.

We next explored "The Devil's Glen," up to
its beautiful cascade. His Satanic majesty
seems to have been a sort of surveyor general
of Ireland, at some remote period, and to have
inscribed his vanity by giving his name to all
such places as particularly struck his fancy.
The desire to send his name down to posterity
with this waterfall, certainly does honor to his
taste; for surely I never saw, in any cascade, a
more enchanting combination of grandeur and
grace. The glen itself, lying deep and dark
between two mountain ridges, is a wild, grand,
and lonely place, which has not yet pro-
faned, nor custom staled.

On the second day of our tour, we visited
perhaps the most wonderful place in Ireland—
"The Valley of the Seven Churches," or the
ancient city of Glendalough. Sir Walter Scott
speaks of it as "the inexpressibly singular
scene of Irish antiquities," and it is surely the
haunt of shadows and the abode of mysteries.
Between black, rocky, barren mountains, in a
narrow, gloomy valley, containing two dark
and almost fatiguing lakes, are the ruins of a
city, founded early in the sixth century, by St.
Kevin, a most holy and potent personage, sec-
ond only to St. Patrick in the pious and popu-
lar legends of this country. In addition to the
ruins of the Seven Churches, built on a singu-
larly diminutive scale, and in a rude style of
architecture, there are the sepulchres of the
ancient kings and church dignitaries, and most
curious of all, one of those mysterious round
towers, the origin and purpose of which has
long constituted one of the knottiest of antiquar-
ian problems.

requested permission to correct his remark.
Rahy persisted in his asseveration, elu-
dicating proofs to the contrary in a way that sur-
prised the patience of his antagonist. At
last his pertinacity became insupportable. Lester
coolly, but directly, contradicted the statement
he had again and again proved false, and arose
to leave the table.

"Stop, sir! do you mean to tell me I lie?"
shouted the young bachelon, furiously exclaim-
ing a goblet of Madeira.

"I mean to leave you, sir, to settle that with
your own conscience!" retorted Lester, with
a bow that was most cutting in its quiet dig-
nity.

"Then take that, you white-livered son of
Temperance!" exclaimed the other, dashing
at the word the whole contents of the goblet
into his opponent's face.

"Upon my word, gentlemen!" exclaimed
Colonel Lester, starting from his seat, just as a
smothered sound from the window drew all
eyes toward Miss Manning, who stood upon
the verandah, perfectly colorless, with eyes
dilated passionately and fearfully. Lester met
the gaze of the young lady, and his face
strikingly like Napoleon, but stouter and dark-
er, I should say. I was most impressed by the
manner and presence of Dr. Robinson of Ar-
magh, Archbishop Whately, Rear Admiral Sir
John Ross, Sir David Brewster, and Lord Ross,
of philosophy and telescopic renown. The
United States had been represented by
Professor Fowler, of Massachusetts.

I regret that I cannot give you a fuller and
worthier report of the appearance and proceed-
ings of the illustrious savans of the noble British
Association; but I am unfortunately hurried,
and the subject is hardly in my line.

The United Kingdom is in mourning at this
time, for the Duke of Devonshire, who ap-
peared in "The Times," a few days since, a
magnificent article on this solemn event, which
I hope you will not fail to read.

Faithfully yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

For the National Era.
HONOR VS. PRINCIPLE.
BY MARY IRVING.

[CONCLUDED.]
Henry had listened to this long harangue
with eyes deliberately bent upon the landscape
beyond, and countenance apparently im-
passive. Only about his lips played any tokens
of attention or of emotion.

"Look at her!" young Massa! exclaimed
the shrill voice of a matronly, kind-looking
mulatto woman, whose cheek heaved with
starched and twisted into a pyramid, was
thrust between the rose-veins at the further
end of the lower. "What for you gwine to
keep my chile out a browning in dis 'ere sun,
till her pretty white face black as her old
mammy's? Go long in de parlor, like quality
folks. Missus Kurnel is a rummaging the
house over yer ye!"

"That will do, Mammy!" cried Augusta,
laughing. "Here, come and speak to this gen-
tleman, Mr. Lester."

"Let me preserve you, Massa Lester!"
exclaimed the faithful creature, folding her
hands over her plaided apron.

"So you are the nurse Miss Augusta has
told me so much of," said he.

"Bress her sweet lips! yes, Massa. It is
sixteen years ago, last February, her blessed
mother, give her into de little ole 'Tidy's keep,
and it's but a poor crier I am, Massa, but I've
kep' her watchful, ever 'sint that night, berrin'
the two year she staid up Norad. And please,
Massa, when there's anybody takes to come
over my chile," she said, with a twinkle of her
gleaming eyes, "they's born to hide old 'Tidy's
ways their ways their ways their ways their ways
raised her, I'll keep her faithful, Massa, and
to all that's her!"

The old creature's cheeks were washed with
tears before she had finished, and a drop or
two twinkled in Augusta's eyes, as she turned
them very approvingly to Henry. They were
together into the house, and met the family
at breakfast.

Towards noon, Colonel Leroy made his ap-
pearance—a handsome, portly gentleman, at
first a little critical and coolly civil toward his
new guest. But long before the cloth was re-
moved, he had become a warm friend, and was
apparently in his element of frank hilarity.
He sketched the political history and geogra-
phy of the district for his guest, with the air of
one who is confident that what he has to say will
be appreciated to its utmost extent.

"We need a